The World.

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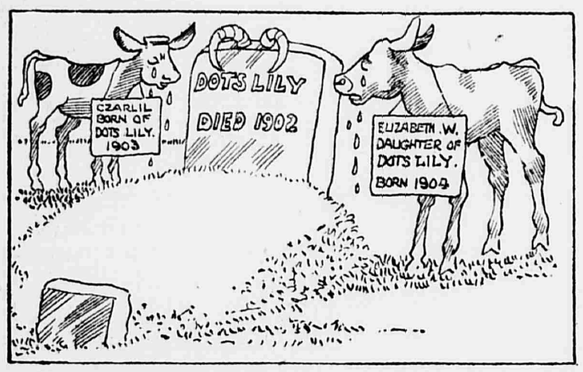
FORGING FIVE COWS.

TO dwellers in cities who do not know on which side of a cow to put the milk stool the idea that a cow can be forged is novel.

Most cows cannot be forged, because they have no pedigrees. Many pedigreed cows in the United States are descended from the Island of Jersey, hence the name Jersey cow. Jersey lies in the English Channel and is part of Great Britain. Its dairymen have bred for hundreds of years until the blood of their cows is of purer and more certain strains than that of the English House of Lords.

Frank E. Dawley, an official of the State Board of Agriculture, a director of the State Agricultural Institutes and one of the managers of the State Fair, was also in the cow business and sold to different parties cows which he represented to be pure blooded Jerseys, of which he furnished certificates of birth, registration and age.

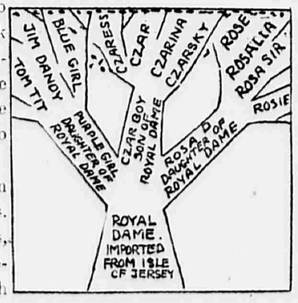
Some of the purchasers became suspicious about the age and breeding of these cows and took the matter up with the American Jersey Club. Veterinaries were appointed to examine the cows and compare their real ages with the official registry. Witnesses were heard and judgment was brought in finding Frank E. Dawley guilty of forging several cows.



The age of the cows can be told by the rings on their horns and their teeth. It appeared from the testimony that two cows, called Dotshome Czarlil and Dotshome Elizabeth W., represented to be the progeny of Dot's Lily, were not born until some time after Dot's Lily died. Also that Dotshome Matilda, Dotshome Matilda Naiad and Matilda of Maple Row were not the daughters of Matilda of Side View. Instead of being of pure Jersey descent some of these were ordinary cows which Mr. Dawley had got in a trade.

Following the finding of guilty Mr. Dawley resigned his State office and was expelled from the American Jersey Club.

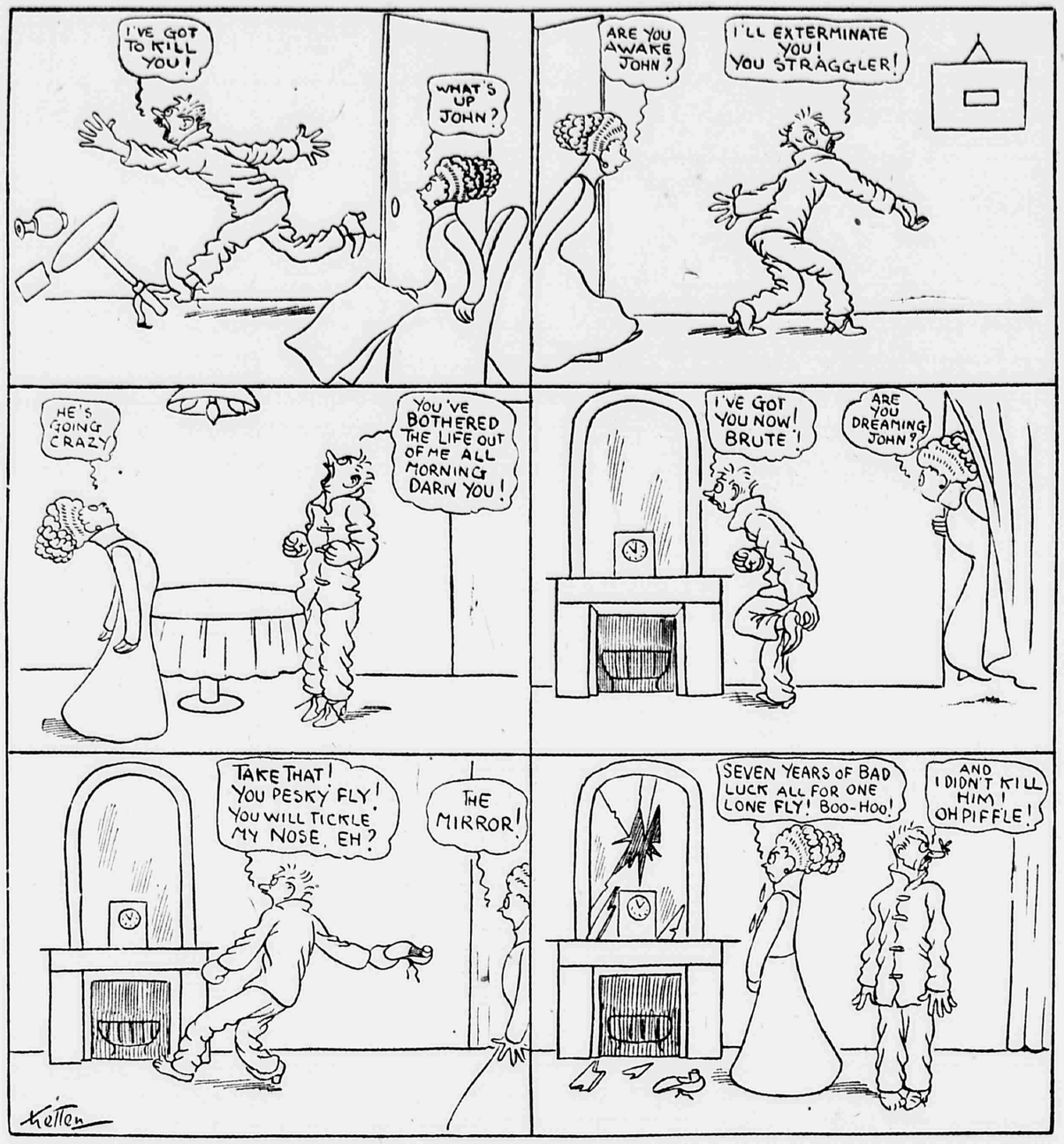
The readers of this paper who rarely see a cow, much less milk one, should know that tens of thousands of families in this State make a living through cows. To forge a cow affects more people than to forge a check.



This cow forgery case has been going on more than two years. Its result will be better cows, purer milk and more butter, because the conviction of this high official is a warning to all other offenders against the purity of the cow. For this the public are indebted to the persistent efforts of the Rural New Yorker and other agricultural papers which are faithfully trying to do their duty in their field, as The Evening World tries to do its duty in its field.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten.



Mrs. Jarr Has Invented a Wondrous Trap for Catching a Double Quantity of Her Hu band's Hard-Earned Dollars

By Roy L. McCardell.

ALL the home artillery had been brought to bear on Mr. Jarr, the household troops had swept down upon him in a final crushing charge and he found he could no longer hold the fort. Terms of capitulation were agreed upon and he had marched out, as he thought, with all the honors of war.


ROY L. McCARDELL

"But, mind you," he said, "I'll meet you at the store at the time you say, but I won't give more than $15 for a hat! Fifteen dollars is enough to buy a hat for Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt, and it's too much for a hat for a poor man's wife, if I do say it!"

"I don't see why you say that" said Mrs. Jarr. "There's Mrs. Kittingly, who has nothing but her alimony—of course, I don't know how much it is—and look at the hats she wears! And Mrs. Rangle has a fine hat that couldn't have cost less than $60, and that man Rangle doesn't make the money you do! And look at Clara Mudridge, and she a working girl! Of course, her mother has money, but she's a stenographer, and she couldn't be seen going down to where she works on a rainy day in the kind of hat I'm glad to get."

"Well, I don't care," said Mr. Jarr, "$15 should be enough to buy a hat for Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. My mother had a bonnet she trimmed herself, and she wore it every Sunday and to funerals and other pleasure trips—the same bonnet—for twenty years!"

"These are different times and I'm not your mother," said Mrs. Jarr. "I need a hat, and if I can't get a good one I'll take what I can get." But she did not press upon this point too much; what she wanted was to get Mr. Jarr to the store.

They met at the time appointed and were directed to the millinery department.

A disengaged saleslady floated grandly up to them. ("A regular chiffonier! A tall dresser!" as Mr. Jarr described her afterward.)

"What can I show you?" murmured the blond vision.

"A hat," said Mrs. Jarr. "I want a Directoire, but not too pronounced, with at least two big plumes, and"——

"Something for about $15," interrupted Mr. Jarr.

The smile passed from the face of the stately saleslady.

"There is a sale of cheap trimmed hats in the basement," she said, coldly.

Mr. Jarr had his pride, Mrs. Jarr had counted on that.

"If you would let me finish," he remarked coldly to the saleslady, "you would have seen I was joking. Show us the best you've got!"

"Beg pardon," said the saleslady, crushingly. "Here is a sweet thing" (she was speaking to Mrs. Jarr now) "that would become you very much indeed. Eighty-four dollars." And she handed over a blue velvet pagoda roof smothered in ostrich plumes.

"Oh, something not so expensive," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Here's a Paris model," said the saleslady graciously to Mrs. Jarr and ignoring Mr. Jarr completely. "It's a copy of an imported hat—no one can tell the difference and I can put a Paris tip in it."

"What's a Paris tip?" asked Mr. Jarr.

He was regarded with calm indifference by the superior saleslady person, and Mrs. Jarr replied: "Why, a Paris trade mark and maker's name, of course! How much is the hat?"

"I can make you a very special price," said the saleslady, "the shape has a dent in it, but not to hurt and under the trimming. The hat was to be sold at $60, but I can let you have it for $39.49."

Mrs. Jarr's eyes sparkled. It was the biggest hat on earth and a bargain!

"Care for that one?" asked Mr. Jarr, carelessly.

"Just suits your face, my dear," said the saleslady, gushingly, as she saw a sale in sight.

"What you let her call you 'my dear' for?" whispered Mr. Jarr. "Deuced impertinent, I think. What right has she to call you 'my dear'?"

"I'm glad to have somebody, even a stranger, show some affection for me," said Mrs. Jarr.

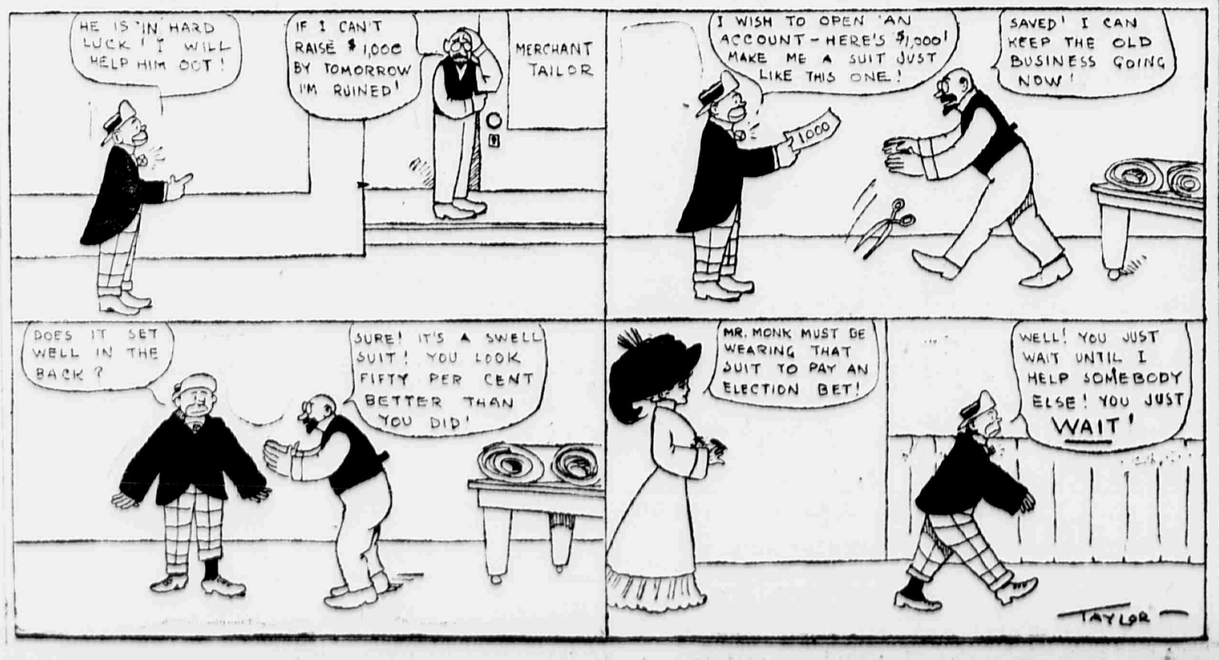
The saleslady got out a gummed label, "Paquin, Paris," and stuck it in the hat.

Mr. Jarr fished up the money. "Gee!" he said, "I can just make it. You'll have to give me carfare to get back to the office."

"Well, I do declare," said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly, as she opened her purse, "you take every cent from me!"

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Letters From the People

Shakespeare in French.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I found the following quotation from Shakespeare in a French book, and I would like to know how it was written in English by the great poet, and which one of his plays it was taken from. Here is the quotation: "Sa taille? Je vous prie—Juste aussi haut que mon coeur." IMPORTUNE.

The quotation is from "As You Like It." In the original English it reads: "What stature is she of? Just as high as my heart."

At the Astor Library.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I see copies of New York newspapers ten years old or more? D. J.

Slow Subway Service.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why do the subway trains (uptown express) travel so much slower and with so many more halts between 6 and 7 o'clock P. M. than at any other time of the day? The biggest rush is past by then, yet they go slower than in rush hours. What wise Harlemite can explain this nuisance on the part of our underground owners?

S. E. PEARN JR.

Women's Fashions and a Warning.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I see the fashions for women this season are a very radical change from last year's. No woman is seemingly so poor that she does not strive to ape fashion. Hence, perfectly good clothes of last year are cast aside, and poor husbands who are struggling to recover from hard times must pay needlessly for new dresses. The fact that the first lift from the darkness of hard times should find its vent in wild spending of money seems to me a grave warning to national welfare. OLD CRANK.

A Farmer Puzzle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers, here is a sum to work over: Farmer Jones said to Farmer Brown, "I've invested $150 in those pigs, sheep and calves. The calves cost $12, the pigs $8 and the sheep $3. I have twice as many pigs as sheep. How many calves have I?" C. H.

In Texas.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In what State was the historic place named "Alamo?" RICHARD W.

Zoologists, Ahoy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with interest the Bronx man's letter about the habits of the King Cobra at the Bronx Zoo. Will this same man (or another as wise) tell us the following interesting points: How long is that King Cobra? How often is he fed? Does the smaller snake thrown into his cage ever put up a fight? Does the cobra always attack him the same way? I've heard such 'food snakes' are always swallowed whole. Yet the only time I ever saw one thrown into that cage the King Cobra caught him by the middle, not by the tail or head. Why? AMATEUR NATURALIST.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a list of the States where marriage between first cousins is legal? C. H.

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 12.—MILES STANDISH.

A LITTLE band of eight hard-faced men, with steeple-crowned hats, cropped hair and rough clothes, marched through the Massachusetts forests one day in 1623. At their head was a short, thick-set soldier, fierce of face, heavily bearded—in fact, as different in looks and character from his comrades as a war eagle differs from barnyard fowls. He was Miles Standish, true soldier of fortune and natural leader of men, best born and bravest of all the Pilgrim colony. He and his followers were bound on one of the most perilous expeditions of the century.

A sect of so-called "dissenters" from the Church of England had come to Plymouth, Mass., aboard the Mayflower late in 1620 to form a settlement where they could worship God in their own way and be otherwise free from the thousand restrictions which in those days hemmed Englishmen in on every side. They were simple, God-fearing souls, harsh in life and well fitted to colonize so bleak and hostile a land. How Miles Standish chanced to find himself in such company is a mystery.

Standish was a disinherited son of a noble English family. Defrauded of his rights, he left home and won fame as a soldier in the Flanders wars. There he rose to the rank of captain. He also while in the Netherlands fell in with the Rev. John Robinson's flock of British emigrants who were about to sail for the new world. Standish was not a church member. Neither was he in religious sympathy with the emigrants. He was, moreover, of better family and fortune than they, and had a promising European career as a soldier. Yet for some unexplained reason he joined the Pilgrims and was at once chosen by them as their military leader.

A Soldier's Strange Choice.

The Pilgrims are said to have sought to form their colony just north of Virginia. But by an error in navigation the Mayflower came to anchor off Cape Cod, Mass. Therefore they chose that region for their new home. They named the landing place "Plymouth," in honor of Plymouth, England. The first months in New England were periods of fearful hardship. The settlers suffered all the privations of the early Virginia colonists, with the addition of the piercing northern cold. But these Pilgrims were men of iron, not broken gold-seeking gallants like the first Virginians. The Indians caused them some trouble from the very start, but Standish's military prowess kept hostile savages at a distance.

In 1622 another British colony came out and settled not far from Plymouth. The Indians plotted to destroy these newcomers. Fearing lest the Pilgrims might avenge their fellow countrymen, the savages decided to fall on Plymouth also and massacre the whole settlement. By a friendly chief, Massasoit, their plan was revealed to Standish. Quick action was necessary if every Englishman in Massachusetts was not to be slaughtered, and Standish was the man for the emergency.

With only eight followers he marched to a conference with the hostile Indians. He met their three chiefs in a wigwam, while the whole armed tribe crowded outside, waiting the signal to fall upon the handful of heroic Englishmen. Before that signal could be given Standish attacked the chiefs. He snatched a knife from the hand of one and struck him dead with it. Then he rushed at the other two. They had no time to summon their waiting tribesmen before both were slain. The fight in the wigwam was brief but furious. On its result hung the future of New England, perhaps of America. The moment the chiefs were killed Standish and his eight followers boldly charged the army of redskins outside the tent. Nine men against a tribe! But the savages, surprised at the suddenness of the assault and cowed by the death of their leaders, fled in terror.

From that moment the English were safe. The renown of Miles Standish spread through every tribe. The Indians looked on him as a sort of war-god, and dreaded to arouse his murderous wrath by slaying any of his friends. The pious Pilgrims themselves regarded this daring exploit of Standish with scant favor. The Rev. John Robinson, safe in Europe, wrote to the colony, warning it against the dangers of Standish's hot temper, and adding: "Oh, how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some Indians before you had killed any!" Yet, disapprove as they might, the colonists could not get on without their captain. His was the sword that guarded their homes and their very lives. As military leader and treasurer he did more, probably, than any other man to make the colony a lasting success. His explorations, too, opened the surrounding country to trade and farming.

Terrorizes the Indians.

Standish's love story is well known. His wife died during that first bitter Plymouth winter. He then fell in love with a Puritan maiden and sent his friend, John Alden, to woo her for him. The girl chose Alden instead, and Standish speedily consoled himself with another wife. His son later married Alden's daughter.

Miles Standish died in 1656, at the age of seventy-two, having lived to see his first settlement of seven log huts and a handful of emigrants increase to eight flourishing towns with a population of 8,000.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp for each number.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland.

NOWADAYS a man's interest in a girl is usually the kind that yields 6 per cent.

It isn't their arguments and quarrels, but those long, long silences when husband and wife can't think of anything to say to one another that make married life so dreary.

When a married man reads of Solomon's many wives, he sometimes doubts that philosopher's great wisdom after all.

Many a club has all the comforts of home, but where is the man who will acknowledge that home has all the comforts of a club?

Funny how a man who will spend two hours of patient toil trying to find out what is the matter with his fractious auto-car won't spend two minutes trying to discover what is the matter with his fractious wife.

There are no regular rules for spelling nowadays; what a man calls his co-respondent, for instance, his wife so often calls his co-respondent.

What with Oriental rugs, cozy corners and joss-sticks, the up-to-date home is becoming as much like a Turkish harem as virtue, respectability and your husband's salary will permit.

The nicest thing about being a widow is that you can chaperone yourself while you flirt.

Cos Cob Nature Notes

OUR neighbor, Theodore Roosevelt, who is now in Washington, being President of the United States for a few weeks, has remembered us personally with a blank to tell him how to uplift our farmers. We would gladly reply if we knew what kind of farmer he means. Whether farmers like E. C. Converse and E. C. Benedict, who make their living shearing lambs; C. W. Post, who raises funds for his family by selling breakfast food; oyster farmers like Frank Lockwood, Frank I. Palmer and Uncle Ben Wilmot, or plain farmers like the Husteds, Juneses and Ferrises.

We have all kinds of them here. Most of our plain farmers would like to have their fields moved a little nearer the shore so it would not be so far to go clamming, and some few would like gramophones. They have nearly everything else. Neighbor Roosevelt says that he will keep the reply to himself. That's what Mr. Harriman thought—once.

Since the Temporary Selectmen awarded the town printing to the Greenwich Graphic, the Greenwich News has become robust for reform. The Graphic in turn is now philosophical and tolerant of sin. It declares the T. S. are endowed with ancient privileges and responsibilities and that our citizens should not speak cross to them.

Assistant Permanent Selectman, Town Judge and Assemblyman Charles D. Burnes has replied to the impertinent Sound Beachers who wanted to know if he thought one man should hold more than one office. He says in effect if the man wants the offices he should have all he can hold. The Sound Beachers think different. They feel that public office ought not to be a Private Individual Trust, as it is in Horseneck, and that Now and Then one might wander their way.

The gray light of the autumn is kind to the eye. Distant points grow near to the view. Standing on what is left us of Mr. Mellen's depot platform the Long Island coast is clear, nine miles away. Pop Muller's hotel at Bayville looms up like a white monolith, and the palatial homes of Mr. Ryan's and Mr. Harriman's lawyers show up vast to the right. Neighbor Theodore Roosevelt's house is near them, but with some water called Oyster Bay between. It is not in the view, although it stands on a bluff, because there is a bigger bluff in front of it.

While the neighboring community of New York says it is suffering because there are no places in it for people to gamble away their money on whether a horse will go fast or slow, Horseneck is better fixed. John Boles's poolroom runs all the time and our citizens who wish to keep poor patronize it in large numbers. We mention this because people think that Connecticut is run under Blue Laws, and because many of us can remember when Mr. Mellen's railroad was not allowed to run cars on Sunday if they stopped anywhere.